

Instruction and Entertainment For The Young

Mother Goose Paint Books as Prizes

For Clever T. D. C. Members.

We inaugurate to-day what it is confidently believed will prove decidedly the most popular feature yet introduced in our Children's Page. This is a series of Mother Goose Paint Book contests, in which three prizes will be given every week to the children sending in the pictures colored to the best advantage. The contests are for the benefit of the T. D. C. C., whose membership is growing rapidly. The prizes will be "Mother Goose Paint Books," handsomely bound, containing verse, illustrations and, best of all, paints and a brush for future color work. All those who engage in the contests will be enrolled as members of the T. D. C. C., and badges will be sent to them. All boys and girls who purpose contributing to the club are invited to send in their names.

There is never a boy or a girl who is not fond of "Mother Goose," does not love her jingles and appreciate her nonsense rhymes. The editor remembers a little boy once who actually declared that he could never memorize poetry; and that he hated it. The very day, however, was discovered one day in the act of spinning out "Little Boy Blue" and "Little Tommy Tucker" to a select coterie of admiring friends, not quite so old as he.

"Why, my little man," said the editor, "I thought you despised rhymes? And yet it seems as if you do know a few."

"But," answered the little lad, "this is quite different, you see. This is 'Mother Goose,' something every boy is just born to know. And it's not like other poetry at all," he added.

When, in addition to a twentieth century "Mother Goose," there is an artist's outfit, carefully selected and arranged, it seems quite certain that the "Paint Book" contest, the first inaugurated for the T. D. C. C., will be something that all the club members will enjoy.

Mr. Lowburn.

July 5, 1903.
I would like to be a member of the T. D. C. C., so I send you a story. Hoping it will win me a badge.
Yours truly,
ELIZABETH KENT KING,
No. 216 East Grace Street, City.

MR. LOWBURN:
Nine o'clock found Mr. Lowburn in his office, fresh and ready to tackle a speech which he had been requested to deliver at the club meeting that night. He was just about to begin when he rang the bell. Buttons popped his head in at the door in response to the summons.

"Yes, sar,"
"Buttons, if any one calls, I am busy and beg to be excused. Ask whoever it may be to call to-morrow."
"Yes, sar."
"That is all, you may go."

Having assured himself of an uninterrupted morning, Mr. Lowburn began to write.

"Dear Friends—You have cer—" A knock at the door.

"Well,"

The door opened and Buttons looked in.

"Buttons popped in."

"A lady to see you, sar."

"I told you I was busy."

"I know it, sar. I told her so, sar, but she said, sar, if you knew her business, sar, you would see her, sar," gasped Buttons.

"Her name?"

"Don't know, sar."

"Ask her to call to-morrow."

Buttons dashed out, and Mr. Lowburn continued:

"Dear Friends—You have certainly bestowed an honor—" Knock! knock!

"Well," answered Mr. Lowburn crossly, "Me, sar," said Buttons, coming in.

"What do you want, Buttons?"

"I don't want nothing."

"Well, who does? I told you I was busy."

"I know, sar, so I told him, sar, but he said, sar, I was to give you this, sar."

"What is it?"

"Looks like a note, sar."

"Hand it to me."

"Yes, sar."

Mr. Lowburn opened it, expecting a note from the club.

"A bill," he gasped in disgust. "Buttons, how dare you annoy me thus?"

"Can't help it, sar."

"Tell the fool man I will send a check to-morrow."

"Yes, sar."

The writer continued:

Dear Sir:

You have certainly bestowed an honor upon me by giving me the pleasure of Buttons, what the man wants his money now."

"Read the bill to me."

Buttons stumbled through the following:

One yard of ribbon..... 10

Two yards of silk..... 50

One yard of lace..... 99

Total..... \$1.50

"Dear me," ejaculated Mr. Lowburn, "what does my wife mean by sending such a little trifle to me?"

"Here, Buttons, give the man his money and tell him to go to hell."

"Yes, sar," said Buttons, grinning.

Mr. Lowburn set to work.

"Dear friends, you certainly have bestowed an honor upon me by giving me the pleasure of delivering my poor words."

"Mr. Lowburn."

"What," screamed the nearly distracted gentleman, running his ink fingers in his hair and smearing ink on his speech.

"The man done brought that automobile hook stand," said Buttons mildly, but grinning at his master's peculiar ink streaked hair.

"Automobile, you fool!" roared Mr. Lowburn, glaring at Buttons.

"You can't put it in here, for I am busy. Ask him to leave it."

"Yes, sar."

Buttons went out, but soon returned.

"The man say, sar, that he can't leave it sar without his money. It's \$5, sar."

"Mr. Lowburn," said Buttons, "I have a pocket and drew out a \$10 bill."

"There, Buttons, give him this and tell him to go to the devil!"

Rid of this interruption, Mr. Lowburn began:

"Dear Friends—You certainly have bestowed an honor upon me by giving me the pleasure of delivering my poor words upon so—"

Knock.

Mr. Lowburn sprang up, opened the door and viewed Buttons with disgust.

Buttons trembled.

"Mr. Lowburn done come. Had an appointment with you, sar."

"Deuce take him, ask him to wait!" Buttons left.

Mr. Lowburn wrote:

Country Club,

Mr. Haynes, Esq.

Coming to the sudden death of my niece's

ping fire-crackers, there was a little scream, and in tumbled Aline, with her hand over her eyes. "Popcracker hit me eye," the child would scream. After a while she went to sleep.

"Mother, can Fan go down to the orchard to get some apples?"

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply, "but don't climb the bobwies."

"Yes, mamma," and away they went.

Presently Fan came back holding her dress up.

"What is the matter, Fan?" said her mother.

"I have torn my dress," the child answered.

"Sister," said Mrs. Moss, "get a needle and some thread and sew her dress up."

Sister looked and looked, but no needles could be found.

"Freddy, have you had the needles?"

"I placed them, sister. I thought you and mamma would have a lot when they came."

What will I do with the child, thought mamma.

As she sat at last found some of needles and sewed the dress.

Papa came in and said: "How would you like to go to the menagerie?"

"Howdy, goody," cried all, clapping their hands.

"Me do, too, papa," asked little Aline.

"Yes, you shall go, too, but you had better wait until all the animals, and the baby was delighted.

After the three children went to bed, all said it was the best Fourth they had ever spent.

MARGIE PAULINE CLEMENTS.

Flossie's Patient.

Richmond, Va., June 22, 1903.

Editor of Children's Page:

I should like to join the T. D. C. C. Enclosed you will find a little story, which I hope you will consider good enough to publish.

FLOSSIE'S PATIENT.

Flossie's mamma wanted her to go to Aunt Kate's house to take a note.

The little girl was rocking her doll to sleep, and did not want to move, but she remembered how often mamma had given her pleasure to amuse her, so on she went.

Flossie made up her mind to be as quick as she could, so that mamma should not have to wait long for an answer.

As she was running through the field on her way back from Aunt Kate's, she saw some one walking before her. It was her grown-up sister, Nettie.

"Nettie, what have you there?" said Flossie, as she ran up to her sister.

She was all out of breath from such exercise.

"Look," said Nettie, bending down to her. "I found this poor bird lying on the ground. Its leg is broken."

"Oh, how dreadful!" said Flossie, "but papa will mend it for you, for he is a doctor."

So he did and Nettie and Flossie nursed the poor little patient till he grew quite strong and well. Then they took him out to the apple tree and set him up on a bough. Birdie burst out into the sweetest song you ever heard, which meant, "Thank you for all your kindness to me. Oh, I am so glad to be out in the bright sunshine again! Good-bye!" And off he flew, up, up, up, till he was quite out of sight.

"Good-bye!" said Flossie.

LOUISE LEFTWICH,

No. 17 West Marshall Street.

Poem on Building.

R. D., No. 4, Hermitage Road, Henrico County, Va., July 5, 1903.

Editor of Children's Page:

I desire to join the T. D. C. C., and send you a piece of poetry.

"BUILDING."

We are building every day

In our good and evil way.

And the structure, as it grows,

Will our inmost self disclose.

Till in every arch and line

All our faults and failings shine—

It may grow a castle grand,

Or a wreck upon the sand.

Do you ask what building, this,

That can show both pain and bliss,

That can be both dark and fair?

Lo! its name is character!

Build it well whatever you do,

Build it straight and strong and true;

Build it clean and high and broad,

Build it for the eye of God.

Yours truly,

J. PINROSE CARTER, Jr.

ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Mosquito is Found.

The greatest excitement prevailed in Mosquitoville, for Eugene Mosquito had lost himself. Eugene was a stylish young fellow, who was last seen sitting on a cheese box in his mother's kitchen.

Everybody started out to find poor Eugene, and his mother wrung her hands in anguish as she thought of what terrible things might have happened to her boy.

But, search high and low, no one could find him, and the mosquito's father's hair turned gray when someone declared

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